

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1918

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REEDY'S MIRROR  
ST. LOUIS

## New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

SOLDIER'S SILHOUETTES ON OUR FRONT by William L. Stidger. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.25.

A Y. M. C. A. worker's record of the experiences of the soldiers on the transports, on landing in France, their reaction to trench-life as distinct from trench-life itself, self-sacrifice, etc. Illustrated.

CROSSES OF WAR by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 75c.

Poems.

THE PEOPLE OF ACTION by Gustave Rodrigues. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

American's virtues and faults as seen by a Frenchman. Translated from the French by Louise Seymour Houghton. Introduction by J. Mark Baldwin.

CAPEL STON by Caradoc Evans. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.50.

Short stories in Welsh dialect by the author of "My People."

THE ISLAND OF INTRIGUE by Isabel Ostrander. New York: Robert McBride Co., \$1.50.

A lonely house on an island, a gang of unscrupulous criminals and a beautiful maiden contribute to keep this mystery story exciting.

A CAPTIVE ON A GERMAN RAIDER by F. G. Traves. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co., \$1.25.

Travelers on a Japanese merchantman captured by a German raider.

RUNNING FOX by Elmer Russell Gregor. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.35.

Tale of Indian folklore recounting the adventures of the young brave in his search for his enemy's secret.

THE PLAY-WORK BOOK by Ann Macbeth. New York: Robert M. McBride Co., \$1.

A manual for mothers and teachers with illustrations and directions for the construction of simple things for use and play. The aim of the book is to preserve and develop traditional play-time occupations which are in danger of becoming obsolete through the introduction of foreign toys.

PSYCHIC TENDENCIES OF TODAY by Alfred W. Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

Various psychic movements—spiritualism, psychic research, theosophy, Christian Science, New Thought, hypnotism, psychotherapy, etc.—discussed and compared, with the conclusion that modern materialism instead of denying immortality shows scientific warrant for belief therein.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.

Essays on the war, its aim and conduct, and the peace terms.

THE BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK edited by Franklin K. Mathews. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$2.

Interesting stories, articles and pictures, the general keynote of which is what boys can do and have done in war time.

WASP STUDIES AFIELD by Phil and Nellie Rau. Princeton: Princeton University Press, \$2.

Haunts and habits of wasps, how they work and play, being scientific observations entertainingly told. Illustrated.

FATHER THRIFT AND HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS by Joseph C. Sindelar. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co., 50c.

A supplementary reader for the second and third grades and an entertaining book for any child. It tells how a kindly old man advised a whole village until under his teachings they all became prosperous, and then when they thought they didn't want him any more he went to live in the heart of a great forest with the animals and birds for his companions. Illustrations in colors.

By

Marah Ellis Ryan

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SHAVINGS by Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton Co., \$1.50.

A breezy novel of a Cape Cod village by the Homer thereof. Illustrated.

CAMPAIGNING IN THE BALKANS by Lt. Harold Lake. New York: Robert M. McBride Co., \$1.50.

The story of the British army in the Bulgarian campaign, at Salonika, together with chapters on the importance of the Balkans to Europe generally.

GUYNEMER: KNIGHT OF THE AIR by Henry Bordeaux. Cambridge: Yale University Press, \$1.60.

A vivid narrative of Guynemer's thrilling victories in the air, with an analysis of his methods. Authorized translation by Louise Morgan Sill, introduction by Theodore Roosevelt, colored frontispiece, illustrations.

AMBASSADOR MORGENTHAU'S STORY by Henry Morgenthau. New York: Doubleday-Page Co., \$2.

The now famous Morgenthau papers in book form. The case against Germany cinched. Illustrated.

THE PAWNS OF FATE by Paul E. Bowers. Boston: Cornhill Co., \$1.50.

A novel.



The Mosher Books  
Fall List 1918

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I would like to recall by this little volume the sweet abiding beauty of *Vagaries*, a book deserving something more than forgetfulness though published in London now twenty years ago. The three related essays chosen show that Dr. Munthe was and is (for I may hope he still lives) a lover of music, of animals, and of humanity,—a true brother of us all, and the confrere in thought and deed of the author of *Rab and of Marjorie*.

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# REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

### For Our "Boys"

SO many of our readers have inquired about a reduction in the subscription rate for the boys at the front that we have decided to cut it in half. REEDY'S MIRROR will be sent to anyone in the training camps or the fighting forces anywhere for one year for \$1.50. This is done in recognition of our debt to them.

♦♦♦♦

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## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Russia and the Conference

THERE'S no censorship on the preliminaries of the peace conference, but there's worse: there's no news at all. We should like to know if this country is committing itself to co-operating with the German troops in western Russia in a warfare against the Russian Soviet republic. War has not been declared by this country against Russia; she is still technically one of our associates in the war. As such an associate shall Russia have representation in the peace conference? If Russia has gone over to the Germans why are German troops permitted to remain in Russia to keep order? Is it consistent with our republican or democratic principles that our diplomatic relations with Russia should be maintained through an ambassador of the czar, Bakhmeteff? Is Russia of today our friend or our enemy? We seem to be accepting a view of Russia that is the view of all those forces in Europe who distrust and fear democracy. We seem to take it for granted that the Russians are to be prevented from spreading those ideas in Germany that helped to bring about the downfall of the German autocracy. It is true that the Russian brand of democracy is not our brand, but what of that? We have said we don't want to dictate the kind of government the Germans shall set up, but here we are with armed forces putting down the kind of democracy the Russians have established. There are powerful elements in England that would like to see Russia under another czar and that would like to see Germany anything but the republic into which finally she will probably shape herself. There are elements in France that want chiefly a Russian government that will repay French loans. There are elements in this country that are looking for such gains from Russia as are more likely to be obtained from a more reactionary government than Russia now has. Broadly speaking, we seem to be lining up against Russia in the interest of the privileged and predatory classes there and everywhere. This is not what the people of this country want. They don't want a government of torch and axe in Russia, but they want to be quite sure that most of the news from Russia about *noyades* and general massacres is not faked, as surely some of it has been. The President has said we would stand by Russia. Then we should not trample upon Russia. The position of Russia and our position as to her are the most important questions pertaining to the coming conference. The public should be given some authoritative information on the subject and it should not be as questionable as the *Sisson* documents now appear to be.

♦♦

Mr. McAdoo

WILLIAM Gibbs McAdoo was a splendid secretary of the treasury, administrator of railroads and man of all work. His fame is secure. But why did he resign when his service would be most useful, with a new Liberty loan coming on? Because he didn't get enough salary to live on? That doesn't seem to be the answer. He says his health is not strong, but he says he's no broken man. It is pretty certain that he favors retention of government control of the railroads, so he cannot have differed with the President on that. The reason of his quitting

is well guarded, but it probably has to do with attendance upon the peace conference, though exactly how it is related to that subject is so highly conjectural as to be inadvisable, probably, to print. But no matter why he quit, quit he has, and as strong a thing as we can say of him is that the country earnestly hopes it may find his equal in his successor. Aside from this, there is to be said that not the least significant tribute to him as man and official is the action of workers on the railroads in resolving to contribute of their pay to make up enough to enable him to live in proper form in Washington. Mr. McAdoo may be a candidate for the next Democratic presidential nomination and he may not. He was a strong man in a most exacting place and at the most critical time in his country's history. He has deserved well of his fellow citizens and triumphed gloriously over the fact that he is the son-in-law of the President. Good fortune be with him wherever he may go.

♦♦

Amnesty

AGAIN: nothing would more become the President than a proclamation of amnesty to all political prisoners in this country. If there's to be no vengeance upon our enemies abroad, why should there be vengeance at home against people who were only dissentients from majority opinion?

♦♦

Let the Germans Try Him

IF THE kaiser is to be tried for his crimes against civilization in bringing about the war and conducting it in violation of all the laws of warfare and the dictates of humanity, perhaps it would be better to let him be tried and punished by the German people through a regularly constituted court. If they should condemn him, as doubtless they would in the light of facts showing how he deceived and betrayed and ruined them, the verdict would have more moral weight than one rendered against him after a prosecution by the allies. Convicted and punished by his own people the kaiser would be less likely to achieve a sort of crown of martyrdom. It was the trust of the German people to which he was first false. Against that people he committed the initial crime. His punishment after the manner of French Louis and English Charles would be more impressive than a condemnation and imposition of a penalty as in the case of Napoleon Bonaparte. There is some doubt that the English or the French can extradite the Emperor from Holland, but there is no doubt that the German nation can extradite him and any others who participated in his guilt. He should be left to the justice of his own people, whose eyes have been opened to the manner in which he led them to the slaughter in a war inaugurated under false pretenses. And the world in a time in which the futility of vengeance is generally recognized would not be inclined to blame the German court if in passing judgment upon him it should act as Tom Paine advised when he voted against the execution of the French monarch, saying "Destroy the king but spare the man."

♦♦

War on Publiture

OF ALL the waste in this wasteful country there is none more apparent than the waste in what *The City Editor* calls "publiture." This word describes "the mass of printed, mimeographed, multigraphed and otherwise ideographed matter for the press which the devices of man continuously turn loose upon editors everywhere." *The Bulletin*, of Walla Walla,



Washington, calculates that this publiture, press product, or what not, is coming so fast and in such bulk that a paper of forty-eight pages devoted to these manuscripts and nothing else would be unequal to taking care of it. Much of this material cannot even be read by the editor. Great reams of the product are far beyond human capacity to read, let alone digest, yet the ceaseless grind fills post-office boxes, overloads trains, taxes carriers and messengers, only finally to clog waste baskets the world over. And while the government was calling on the press to save paper it was itself wasting tons upon tons thereof in "publiture" from the various departmental bureaus. Not a thousandth part of it ever saw print. Editors got to know the wrappers and swept them unopened into the waste basket. The censorship was not on the job of censoring government matter. Many business concerns, private organizations, banks and propaganda promoters overload the mail, to, with their "publiture" stuff. It is advertising matter, for which the government has to pay the carriage. It is mostly, like the government stuff, unread. It represents waste of paper, effort and money. It should be checked if not absolutely stopped. That can surely be regulated if the authorities can compel the rationing out of paper to the publishers of newspapers and periodicals. A suppression of press agents, governmental or other, is in order, more especially as, when any of the information they send out can be used, it has to be rewritten. This free matter is becoming a bore and a nuisance. It is valued just about as anything is valued that can be had for nothing. Editors know most of the stuff as a sort of graft in advertising, a trick to secure publicity for private ends without paying for it. As *The City Editor* makes such a spread upon this subject, more particularly with regard to the government's offending, and as the paper represents the National City Editors' Association, representing every state in the union, and as this avalanche of free copy has mostly to be handled by city editors, it is evident that "publiture" is going to get short shrift in city rooms in future.

♦♦

#### What's Happening in Germany

I CONFESS that I cannot clearly make out what is happening in Germany. My impression is, however, that the moderates are coming out on top in the revolution. That the empire seems to be fissiparating is probably only a temporary phase of the great reaction throughout the country. I don't take much stock in a lot of the matter cabled about Bolshevism there. The channels through which our information comes are controlled chiefly by those who are prone to regard almost anything democratic as Bolshevik. The Germans are educated, orderly, disciplined. They are not such mystic emotionalists as the Russians, and not likely to go to such extremes. Society is better organized among them and the necessity of some cohesive form of government conserving what was good in the old order is quite generally admitted. So far as I can make out, most German socialists are no more than what we would call in this country advanced democrats. That Germany will break up into a number of independent states permanently does not seem probable. The advantages of confederation in the processes of national recovery and reconstruction are too plain to be overlooked by such able men as there are in the empire. Doubtless there is exaggeration as to the prospect of anarchy for the purpose of securing a softening of the terms of the armistice and eventually of peace. This exaggeration, too, has its value in pulling the more conservative elements together. I cannot see that there is any earthly chance of Germany's renewing the war, with her army socialized and her fleet in the possession of her late enemies. The peace negotiations will offer her little hope of retrieving lost territory or prestige. She will have to accept the allies' terms, depending upon their generosity. The one thing Germany needs is food. That will repress tendencies to extreme Bolshevism. We and the allies will supply the food. I doubt if we should do more. I do not think we

should take any chance on keeping our troops handy for possible use in repressing any uprisings in Germany. Some Americans think we should thus keep order. I think that Germany should keep order for herself. We should not be for or against any faction there. We shouldn't be frightened into taking sides by the possibility of a Red Terror on the one hand or a restoration of the Kaiser on the other. It looks as if the Germans will work out their own reconstruction without more blood-letting than they have had. They are likely to find sooner than most people would in such circumstances, a way to adjust their governmental machinery to new conditions. We shall do better for them and for our own principles and for the peace of Europe by letting German internal affairs alone. We shall be better able to adhere to such a self-denying ordinance if we remember that a great deal of the news we get from Germany comes from English sources that want to perpetuate national hate and proceed to the political and economic destruction of the German people. This last is not our purpose. We have no purpose beyond a just and enduring peace. And we want the Germans to work out peace among themselves, which they are abundantly able to do.

♦♦

#### Making More Bolsheviks

UNITED STATES MARSHAL MCCARTHY of New York city says that the trend of all the evidence is that the "riot" in the metropolis last Monday night was due to the unjustifiable interference of soldiers and marines with a meeting of so-called Bolsheviks to demand an amnesty for all political prisoners and protest against the invasion of Russia by the United States and the Allies. The police appear to have had most of the trouble of the occasion, not in suppressing the Bolsheviks so-called, but in reducing the soldiers and marines to order. Whatever we may think of the Bolsheviks, here or elsewhere, the American right of petition and protest is not and must not be abolished. The military and naval authorities must not be permitted to override the civil authorities. That makes more Bolsheviks. It is destructive of essential Americans. We must not lose our liberties in or after winning liberty for other peoples. The soldiers and marines must be restrained from their rampageousness. They are good "boys" all right, but they are not the law. But it is not to be forgotten that agitators and intransigents should so demean themselves in their meetings of protest as not to make their proceedings come under the head of "conduct calculated to provoke a breach of the peace," which is forbidden by city ordinances. Not even Bolshevik socialists are absolved of the duty to behave with a decent regard for opinions and feelings of others.

♦♦

#### The Mooney Case

Tom Mooney should be pardoned. Then possibly he should be tried on one of the remaining indictments against him for his alleged part in the murder by bombing of a number of people on the day of San Francisco's preparedness parade. The Supreme Court of the United States decided that there was nothing in the record of his trial and conviction that would justify the setting aside of the verdict. That is probably true. The reason for the demand for the release of Mooney was discovered after the record of his case was made. That reason was that the strongest evidence connecting Mooney with the bomb-murder was discovered after the trial to have been suborned and cooked up by the prosecution. The perjury in the case was as plain as perjury ever was made. This false evidence casts a reasonable moral doubt upon Mooney's guilt. If the jury had had the evidence of perjury before it, Mooney would never have been convicted. This is the case for Mooney. I have not seen anything like an intelligible summary of the report by the United States authorities on the case. That report is said to reveal an elaborate structure of perversion of justice. It indicates the existence in San Francisco of a determination to get Mooney and his alleged

confederates with true evidence or false. The organization of employers seems to have had in the district attorney and the court processes an infernal machine fully as deadly as the preparedness day bomb. The unions in San Francisco were pretty lawless, but they had nothing on the employers' organization in that respect. That a judge who resigned to escape exposure and punishment for accepting a bribe had a hand in the proceedings to railroad Mooney and others to the galley is strongly indicated. The whole "case" seems to have been one of ruthless strategy and tactics to crush unionism and not a proceeding for the ascertainment of truth. Where there is so much smoke of corruption there must have been much fire of bribery and fixing. All in all the revelations in the case by the investigation of the Department of Labor cast a very decided doubt upon the honesty and even the decency of the trial. There is a smear over it from beginning to end. It was financed like a political campaign and the job was worked out with something of the ruthlessness of method of operations of a Chinatown *Tong*. A brave journalist it was, and a clean, high-minded man, Mr. Fremont Older of the *Call and Post*, who took upon himself the task of uncovering the iniquities of the Mooney prosecution. He has shown that the whole thing was carried out in a spirit and an atmosphere of persecution and determination not to punish murder but to smash unionism. The taint upon it all is sufficient to justify the demand of the working people of the country that Mooney be not sent to his death as the result of the operation of such influences as were brought to bear against him. This is the more impressed upon the mind of the general public by the fact that Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who presided in the trial in which the original conviction was secured, urges a new trial for Mooney and declares unworthy of credence the testimony of four witnesses most important in the establishment of the prosecution's case against the defendant. Governor Stephens of California should pardon Mooney. I understand the President of the United States has asked him to do so. The exposure of the methods of the trial make it too probable that an innocent man has been condemned. For this reason, and not because of the threat of general strike, the execution of Tom Mooney should not be permitted to take place.

♦♦

Henry Ford is going into journalism. Hooray! Now all us newspaper fellers will get five dollars a day.

♦♦

#### Mr. Byars' Discovery

I AWAIT composedly the demonstration of the professors of Latin, Greek and Hebrew against Mr. William Vincent Byars' discovery of a rhyme system in the poetry of those languages, in his article "The Return of the Immortals," in last week's issue of *THE MIRROR*. The professors have gone on teaching that there is no such thing in classic poetry. Mr. Byars simply proves it to eye and ear. He shows wherein is the turn that constitutes verse even in the "dead" languages. Mr. Byars knows more of the life there is in the so-called dead languages than any professor of them I ever knew or heard of. His is the most important discovery in the realm of the classics in some hundreds of years—that Horace and Theocritus and Catullus let us say wrote a rhyme that most classicists thought to be a debasement and decadence of the twelfth or thirteenth century, as shown in the *Dies Irae*, *Stabat Mater* and *Pange Lingua*, and in many of the mediaeval student songs, translations of which by John Addington Symonds are the substance of his "Wine, Women and Song" recently sumptuously republished by Mosher of Portland, Me.

♦♦

#### St. Louis Gets a Move On

ST. LOUIS is preparing for a \$22,000,000 bond issue for the carrying out of public work of various kinds. The improvements are needed. The employment



will be needed shortly by the soldiers returned to civil life from the front and by those workers devoted from the industries devoted to unwonted activity by the war. The provision of such employment is further necessitated by the publication of estimates by the census bureau that in the next enumeration of the people St. Louis will drop from fourth to seventh place, being passed by Boston, Detroit and Cleveland. There is nothing that will attract and keep population like the provision of pay envelopes in large number and fat contents for workers of all kinds. Synchronously with the bond issue and the creation of employment there will be a campaign for the annexation by St. Louis of a large population in St. Louis county. St. Louis is getting a move on. It is to be hoped that the bond issue proposal will not be side-tracked in the interest of the coming fifth Liberty bond issue. Something must be done to keep workers here. The President's signing the bill to stop the use of cereals in manufacturing beer has thrown ten thousand men out of work in this city. They cannot find work in other industries. The town has been hard and foully hit.

❖❖

#### *Repeal the Zone Law*

A good thing for this country quickly to get rid of in the cleaning up after the war is the postal zone law. It is a nuisance to the publishers of newspapers and periodicals and to the post office workers as well. The work of keeping the records isn't worth what it costs and it is believed that revenue has not been increased. The papers and the department would fare better under a higher flat rate than under the zone law. Do away with it!

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#### *Mr. Taft on Labor*

ONE wants no better proof that the New World is here than the article by ex-President William H. Taft arguing for the perpetuation of the National War Labor Board, of which, with Frank P. Walsh, he was joint chairman. The cordial ex-president makes it quite clear that the employer cannot hope as of old to run his establishment to suit himself, regardless of the claims of his employees. He says plainly that welfare work set up by employers is no substitute for what is needed. The demand of the worker is for justice. In the effort for justice community bargaining has been proposed and the necessity therefor is apparent from the fact that the public has an interest in the maintenance of industrial peace. The workers must be taken into some sort of partnership in the carrying on of industries. They have the power through organization to enforce this and everybody must recognize this situation and meet it. It is upon the basis of recognition of this situation in the settlement of industrial disputes that the National War Labor Board has had its chief success since it began its operations. The workers are more nearly on a level with the employer in their dealings and so can treat more nearly as equals having a share in the business. Ex-President Taft is judicial, but for all that he supports heartily the main contentions of organized labor. He is indeed liberal beyond public expectation. Liberal though he be however, he falls far short of the labor views of Mr. Frank P. Walsh, recently his fellow chairman, as indicated in a letter appearing elsewhere in this issue. That Mr. Taft stands so firmly for community bargaining is nevertheless a concession of the first condition necessary to the attainment of such power on the part of organized labor as will operate to get for labor all that Mr. Walsh thinks it should have.

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#### *Something to Look Into*

PERHAPS it ought not to be mentioned, but it is multitudinously mentioned in letters from soldiers at the front and in the conversation of those who have returned, that there is abroad an insidious depreciation of the work of the Y. M. C. A. overseas during the war. This may be due in some part to

religious prejudices arising out of certain rivalries of other organizations in the same kind of work, but whatever the cause the disparagement of the organization exists and is rather widespread. This attitude of the soldier to that particular organization is the more emphasized by the soldiers' enthusiasm over the work of the Red Cross and very especially of the Salvation Army. I need not go further into detail of the complaints and objections. Everybody who knows anything about army sentiment knows the sort of talk to which I refer. Everybody knows that such talk was the major reason for the delay in the required response to the United War Work drive for funds. It seems to me that there is enough of this kind of rumor about the Y. M. C. A. abroad to justify an official investigation to set the organization right with a public that may have been unjustly prejudiced against it, if for no other reason. The Y. M. C. A. is a power in the world for good and it would be a shame and a pity if the rumors to which I refer should seriously injure its usefulness.

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#### *Rotten Service*

THE service of the mails, telegraph, telephone and express is rotten. Its improvement should be the first work of reconstruction undertaken. These four utilities as at present conducted prove nothing so conclusively as that their conductor or conductors should be fired incontinently. In this time such service makes the citizen ashamed of the boasted efficiency of the United States.

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#### *Taxes as Chain-Breakers*

WHEN the Supreme Court of the United States declared the national child labor law unconstitutional many good people despaired of ever finding a way to put an end to the slaughter of the innocents in the interest of profits. But there is a way. Senator Pomerene has found it. He has embodied his discovery in an amendment to the pending revenue bill. The amendment levies a tax of ten per cent upon net profits of establishments where children are employed under the conditions that constituted child labor illegal under the act of 1916, knocked out by the Supreme Court. The tax will apply to the profits of concerns employing children under sixteen in mines and quarries; children under fourteen in factories and workshops, and children under sixteen working in factories and workshops more than eight hours a day and six days a week, or before six in the morning or after seven at night. The best authorities say this law will stick. I hope so. I hope moreover that the senator who framed the amendment, the President who has declared in favor of it, the senators and representatives who vote for it and the parents of the children who will be emancipated by it, will see the large social and economic connotations thereof. They should see that the way to kill a thing is to tax it to death. Therefore they should see that all taxes upon industry are a deterrent upon industry. All taxes upon production lead to decreased production. They way to prevent the exploitation of the public by those who take profits without industrial and productive service is by taxing such parasitism. Whatever takes for the few the proceeds of the industry of all should be taxed out of existence. All unearned wealth should be so taxed. That would emancipate all human labor as certainly as the Pomerene amendment will emancipate child labor.

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#### *Concerning George Creel*

RULE for continuous provision of "punch" and "pep" in the average editorial columns: When in doubt about anything abuse George Creel. And not a man Jack of them who obeys that impulse could have handled a job one-tenth of the size of Creel's one-tenth as well as he has done. He has made mistakes—yes. But the worst mistakes were not his. They were passed on and down to him by

others. His own mistakes as head of the Bureau of Information he always bravely admitted and handsomely apologized for. For the rest the worst thing against Creel seems to be that President Wilson seems to like him. And then too it is a law of life that when a newspaper man gets anywhere in public life the fellows of his own craft are those who most delight to throw bad eggs and dead cats at him. I'm for Creel, even if the mere thought of him does disturb the virtuous slumbers of Col. George Harvey, who's so terribly disappointed that the war has been won by most of the people who have won it. I hope Col. Harvey will not forget Mr. George Creel. If he did so he would be so uninteresting.

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#### *Pershing*

GENERAL Pershing can do nothing better for himself than to put a quietus upon the people who are booming him for a presidential nomination just now. It's dollars to doughnuts that the booming is all against his will. In the finishing of his work so splendidly begun and carried out thus far is all the booming the General will require. Pershing is presidential timber, but this is not the time to begin cutting such timber.

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#### *The President's Friends*

THE Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, Mr. David Lawrence, is almost lachrymose in his recitation of the number of points upon which the very best friends of the President are disappointed in and grieved by the chief executive's actions, accomplished or meditated. It's too bad. But we can bear it, when we consider how many of the very best friends of the President there are who carry their woes to the New York *Evening Post* since Mr. Thomas S. Lamont took over that institution. I can see them, headed by Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan, all like the brothers of the Misericorde in Florence of old time. Wall street will shortly have all its flags at half-mast to symbolize its woe. It is my opinion that the President's gravest danger is that he will not more and more disappoint Wall street in his policies, and that he will more and more disappoint those who look to him for a restoration here of the right of free speech and free press, the granting of amnesty to political prisoners and the stoppage of any assault by our armed forces upon the Russian republic. The President's friends are not in the camp of the jingoes, the bitter-endians, the advocates of our getting something out of the war, the fellows who howl Bolshevism against anything that has the slightest tendency to break the ancient and honorable cinch of privilege in this country. The things for which the Wall street press applauds President Wilson most loudly just now are those things against which all true, liberal, democratic Americans hope the President will firmly set his face here and abroad. This is not to say that everything the President does is approvable by those who dislike the interests and influences designated as Wall street interests or influences. The President seems in a fair way to deserve criticism by those whom Wall street calls the Bolsheviks. He will get it when it is coming to him. He is getting it in no small measure now. But the Bolsheviks, so-called, should be careful not to play the Wall street game. As a matter of fact the country's best faith and best hope in Wilson are pinned on the fact that he has no friends in the old-fashioned sense of the word. He went farthest wrong of any time in his career when he listened to the friends who induced him to write that appeal to the country to elect none but Democrats to congress to make sure of a patriotic support of the war.

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#### *Cutting Down the Tax Bill*

IT is perhaps well that the secretary of the treasury should lop off \$2,000,000,000 from the new tax bill, although every economist of note in the coun-



try is convinced that it is safer and saner to pay for a war by taxation than by bond issues. The burden is no heavier and it is not a drag upon the people for so long a time, while it does not bring in its train the evil effects of inflation due to extensive borrowing. Still, if the very practical men who must get the money, want to pluck the goose so as to get the most feathers with the least squawking, insist that the revenue measure must be scaled down, the best that economists can do is to hope that the lopping will be confined to those taxes which fall upon production. There should be no decrease, but on the contrary an increase of taxes upon profits due to the war. It is a crime that the tax bill cannot be re-shaped so as to get the big war profits that will accrue in land values consequent upon the boom in such values that is to come with the cessation of hostilities. War profits put in unused lands cannot be reached by the Federal government and they will increase prodigiously, immune all the while from the tax collectors of the different states.

♦♦

#### More Islands

THERE are intimations that some islands of the West Indies may be conveyed to this country in settlement of some of the debts due us from some of our associates in the war—assuming, of course, the self-determination of the people of those islands in harmony with this manner of debt cancellation. This country isn't crazy for "colonies" but it might take over an island or two more on this side of the world without making a plunge into imperialism. The new islands would no more be "colonies" than is Porto Rico or the islands we recently acquired from Denmark.

♦♦

#### That Republican Victory

I DON'T see that there is reason to worry over the results of the recent election giving congress to the Republicans. That event should serve to urge the administration to a more rather than less democratic programme for the country. All the Republicans elected on the fifth of this month are not reactionaries. Many of them are more democratic than many of the Democrats to whom the President has looked for assistance. They are worth more to the cause of progress than the bourbons whose democracy has not been brought down to date from 1892 or, in some cases, from 1860. They can be won, if the executive will set itself to the task of winning anybody by consultation, to the support of democratic movements of reconstruction. They will be needed to carry out progressive policies, for there are not wanting signs that the President, like all who have gone before him in the office, is to be confronted by Democratic obstruction, more particularly in the Senate, during the last half of his second term. An example of this is presented in the thunderings of Senator Reed, of Missouri, in opposition to the proposal of a league of nations. There will be others, rising up to oppose in the plans for the future those things repugnant to the so-called business interests which may be called socialistic. The President cannot compromise with such men. The salvation of his policies depends upon his going forward along the lines laid out in his book "The New Freedom."

♦♦

#### Very Curious

VICE-PRESIDENT THOMAS MARSHALL—anybody ever heard of him? It seems not. Yet the President is going away and the constitution provides that the Vice-President shall act in his stead. Perhaps there is not and there never was any such person as Vice-President Thomas Marshall. Evidently the President doesn't recognize the existence of such an one. All of which is curious—very.

♦♦

#### A Clue to a Mystery

THERE was a little item in the papers the other day to the effect that the President had been in

conference with Secretary of War Baker with regard to certain things that were to be done during the chief executive's absence abroad. And a day or two after Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads McAdoo resigned. It is taken for granted in Washington that Secretary Baker is President Wilson's choice for his successor in party leadership and in office. Presumably Secretary Baker is not the choice of Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo.

♦♦

To outside sympathizers with St. Louisans on the national ban on brewing: All is not lost. There is a four-months' supply of beer on hand here. Hospitalities to visitors will not be suspended. Come one, come all, especially prohibitionists!

♦♦♦♦

## A Patience Worth Feat

By William Marion Reedy

IF ONE were asked what personality in St. Louis is most widely known throughout the country the answer would be Patience Worth, our invisible entity that contributes such remarkable literary communications by way of the ouija board under the hand of Mrs. John H. Curran. More people of importance and distinction from the world outside St. Louis visit the Curran home in Cates avenue than any other house or any institution in the city. All who come are served with a treat rare and curious. They observe the writing of poems and stories that far surpass in form and content anything of the kind ever known elsewhere. They have converse with the invisible intelligence that finds utterance through the board. They receive messages which have for them an especial significance. They find their questions, whether of faith or doubt, answered with a piercing pertinency, if not always satisfactorily in the broadest sense. Psychologists, singers, clergymen, all sorts and conditions of men and women, pursue their inquiry under open conditions. There are no lowered lights. There is no flummery or mumbo-jumbo. There is no dealing in prophecy. Mrs. Curran takes her place at the board with anyone at any time and the communications come with a rapidity of flow that is amazing. The pointer may take up the continuation of a story, broken off at a former sitting. If so the narrative proceeds with celerity. A chance remark by someone present and the story stops and there comes a response to the observation. This may develop into a general conversation between the entity that expresses itself by way of the board and everyone else gathered in the parlor. There are often a dozen people there, and the conversation takes a range of indefinite scope. At some point the personality called Patience Worth will break off the conversation, and resume the narrative upon which she was originally engaged or she may spell out a poem. The change of subject is affected with no difficulty whatever. The communication may veer from story to conversation, back to the story again or to a poem or even to another long uncompleted story that Mrs. Curran has been receiving. But for the intelligence of it all the thing would be bewildering. However the board may be questioned there is ever an answer that meets the query. The psychologist and psychiatrist do not stump her with their quizzes. When they venture to proffer explanations of their own Patience makes merry with them a bit and then replies that they cannot find the explanation in the here and now or upon the material plane. An evening at the Currans, with a select assemblage of scientists who think to probe to the secret of the "spook" is one of the most enjoyable experiences to be met with anywhere by a person of any mind whatever. The excitement is intellectual and emotional as well. The demonstration, open as it is, of the expression of a personality that is not prob-

ably that of anyone present, is deeply mystifying. And the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Curran bear up under inquisitions that other people might find disturbing or even possibly offensive is beyond all praise. They proffer no explanation. They dispute no one else's explanation. The board may have its say in refutation and that say always seems to hit straight and go deep into the personality of the one who is being confuted. For high-class dialectic resourcefulness in debate I have ever seen or heard anything like that of Patience Worth, ranging from poetry and piety to clever wit and often scalding sarcasm. Over all is her message, which need not further be enlarged upon than to say it is one most comforting to those who can reconcile their minds to a conviction that evil is playing the game of good throughout the universe. Patience speaks as one who has lived, has died and still lives. Many people believe she speaks truth on that score. Others believe she is the secondary personality, the subconscious mind of Mrs. Curran. Others believe that when Patience speaks it is the expression in some transmuted form of the sub-consciousness of other people about the board by a process of telepathy or mental pocket picking. All I say is that the intelligence manifest in her utterances is a bright and keen and deep and far-ranging one, if a bit delphic at times. But her novels "The Sorry Tale" and "Hope Trueblood" are works of genuine literary art—the former the most wonderful piece of historical fiction I have ever read. So much for description and opinion, now for an incident.

On the evening of November 9th Patience performed a curious literary feat. I should call it indeed a stunt. She had spelled out for the assembled company four poems and indulged in varied response to comment by the observers when she suddenly started off on the continuation of a long story which the Currans call "Samuel Wheaton." This story has been coming over the board at intervals for some time. It is a story with a strong nautical flavor and neither Mr. or Mrs. Curran knows anything about the sea or ships or the language of those who go down to the one in the other save in the most vaguely general way. The story began to come. For a few sentences it came smoothly enough and then there was injected into the narrative something that much puzzled and confused Mrs. Curran, it was so clearly an expression that had no apparent bearing upon the matter that had gone before. Shortly it became clear that into the story the entity speaking over the board was weaving a poem, passing with marvelous ease from one to the other, back and forth. I cannot do better than transcribe from Mr. Curran's record of the writing that evening, exactly how the matter came. The story was taken up where it had been broken off at a former sitting. *Samuel Wheaton*, in the story, by the way, is a girl. Thus it began:

Pratt looked to Roth as though awaiting his advice. Samuel Wheaton puckered up her brow and assumed the dignity of ponderance.

"How's it to be done?" she said, once more referring to her first remark to Pratt. "How's it to be done?"

"Um-m-m," said Pratt, "I cannot say that I have dwelt upon such a situation to the length that I might advise with certainty which might insure your credence. Now Roth here might advise you."

Roth sat down rather limply upon one of the sacks and crossed his long legs.

"No, my dear fellow," he said, "by no manner of possibility would I interfere with the—"

Rose and lavender, spread  
Upon a sunlit garden way.

"—consultation. I would not intrude."

Cups of lilies and harebells  
Swinging —

"No, Pratt, proceed. Samuel Wheaton has challenged you at your lawsterning."

— fucias, tipped of purple  
Which bled their hearts forth.

Samuel Wheaton tilted her little head and said deliberately:



"How's it to be done? I'm expected to be the cap'n's mate, and he said to me—you know who I mean, Mr. Pratt—"

Buttercups with their blushing stems,  
Drip their honey to the sod,  
And the humming wings of the honey-sup  
Whirr, setting the dews a-sparkle,  
While the late sun lies  
Upon the West's breast  
Wearily, yet smiling.

"E said, 'e said I should stay by the barque  
and I hae made the promise, yet the old 'un  
says: 'I needs my mate,' and I'm that party."

Oh, in such a garden  
Would I linger, knowing  
The hot breath of the fervent day,  
Pressing my lips upon her heated brow  
And knowing her languor.

Then Patience finished the poem, which I give here in full under the title:

#### MY GARDEN

Roses and lavender,  
Spread upon a sunlit garden way.  
Cups o' lilies and harebells,  
Swinging fucias, tipped of purple  
Which bleed their hearts forth.  
Buttercups with their blushing stems  
Drip their honey to the sod,  
And the humming wing of the honey-sup  
Whirrs, setting the dews a-sparkle,  
While the late sun  
Lies upon the West's breast,  
Wearily, yet smiling.

Oh, in such a garden  
Would I linger, knowing  
The hot breath of the fervent day,  
Pressing my lips upon her heated brow  
And knowing her languor.  
Oh, I would sup my dream  
From a bleeding heart  
Which presseth upon the garden wall.  
Oh, I would sup my dream  
From a lotus, whose fragrance  
Weaveth tapestries. Oh, I would sup  
My dream from out the throats  
Of the moonlit blossoms  
When the sun is gone.

Aye, I would know the soul  
Of the garden, and my soul  
Would fly forth upon golden wings  
Possessing the spirit,  
Which hangeth that enchanted spot.

This thing of writing a novel and a poem simultaneously, the poem absolutely unrelated to the subject matter of the novel is surely an unparalleled performance. It might be explained as a mere stunt of memory, but that explanation is negated by the swiftness with which the communication came, the prose passing into the poetry without any break except the expression of amazement and of non-understanding upon the part of Mrs. Curran at the evident lack of connection between the two expressions in both form and substance. It was only at the fifth interjection of the poetic passages that either she or Mr. Curran recognized and realized that the clever familiar of their house was giving them a chapter of a story and a complete poem in the same breath as it were. Mrs. Curran says that she thinks she first sensed what was doing when she saw the flowers and smelled the fragrances of the garden, for be it understood the communications came to her in a combination of clairvoyance and of a rhythmic clairsaudience as well as by an exquisite refinement at times of other senses. The ouija board seems hardly necessary. The pointer moves with indescribable rapidity under her hands and those of anyone who sit with her. She spells the words letter by letter, but it is plain to anyone that the pointer doesn't touch the letters as she calls them. No eye could follow its movement. And certainly Mrs. Curran's eye does not, for mostly she is looking away from the board, generally over the head of her *vis-a-vis*. No ordinary mind could memorize the communications as she reels them off, or if it could, the connections could not be re-made with the perfection they show after the interruptions caused by incalculable and unarranged comment upon the comment of spectators and auditors. An actor of mnemonic power could not carry on a

recitation of a play, so interrupted, and keep the thread of the thought and language as does Patience. I doubt if such an one could, so articulate together for instance a poem of Swinburne's imbedded, let us say, in "Hamlet" or "Lear." It may be said that Patience was merely quoting in the midst of her story, but how about quotations four lines long that break in upon the middle of a sentence containing no associated ideas apparently, and the taking up of the interrupted sentence at the exact place it was broken? The carrying of the two ideas at the same instance is in itself a marvel. But one can ask questions endlessly of Patience. He must supply his own answers to the why and how of her.



## The Musical Temperament

By Marjorie Allen Seiffert

JUST then a bell rang, piercingly, clamorously, insistently. Myrtle who was donning a Parisian gown in her dreams, woke to the shrill demands of six o'clock a. m. She thrust her bare feet into slippers, threw a sateen kimono over her night-gown, and hid the blonde tangles of her hair in a lace-ruffled cap, the last relic of her bridal coquetry. A perfunctory splash at the sink completed her toilet. This took place in the two-room flat where Howard brought his bride, the erstwhile demonstrator of rag-time at a department store.

He lay in the convertible bed-couch, ostentatiously lost to the world, breathing heavily to counterfeit a depth of slumber which Myrtle could not be unfeelingly enough to disturb. A "plop" and a half-smothered scream from the kitchenette indicated that the gas burner, lighted by a premature and nervous match, had missed fire as usual. Myrtle had never accustomed herself to this disagreeable occurrence. At first, Howard, amused at her timidity, had gallantly lighted it for her every morning. Lately nature has reasserted herself, and Howard slept, or pretended to sleep until the last possible moment.

Everything's at its worst very early in the morning. "Breakfast!" called Myrtle shrilly, slamming down the coffee-pot with temper. What is more atrocious than husbands who sleep! Breakfast, always a wretched meal, was soon over. Howard who was sleepy and saw no reason for concealing the fact, growled an inarticulate "So long!" picked up his cap and was gone.

Myrtle was left all alone, facing the day. Loathing the weak, muddy coffee, the adamant eggs, the stale baker's rolls, the untidy table, with folded-up-newspaper coffee-pot-stand, she cast a brief glance at the dreadful confusion of the bed-sitting-room seen through the door. Then she picked up a novel and obliterated the distressing picture from her mind.

Three hours later, she tossed the book aside and really faced her problem. How should she spend the tedious day. She yawned, rose slowly and lit the gas burner. Somehow it did not seem to matter now whether it "plopped" or not. She set the iron on the flame and in ten seconds had the table cleared as an ironing board. She left the dishes in the sink, for some future eventuality. On the floor of the closet she hunted long for a certain black taffeta skirt. She emerged, triumphant, after while, bearing it and a badly mussed blouse which had been hanging limply above it. There were silk stockings to mend and low shoes to clean before her costume was ready. At twelve o'clock, however, her labors were finished. Myrtle was dressed for the day.

The street was surprisingly hot, and the sun, which had but lately appeared, glared genially on the asphalt, still glistening from last night's rain. There was a walk of two blocks before Myrtle

caught her car, and sat down to cool off in the breeze. What should it be, shopping or movies? A wave of ennui inundated her soul, a nauseating sense of emptiness, futility and loss. At last, passing Schwartz' Music House, Myrtle obeyed a sudden impulse and left the car. She sought out her friend, the tall saleslady at "Popular Music."

"Say, Mame, I've got the blue devils today," she confided in the penetrating tone one chooses for such matters. Immediately Mame and Myrtle became engrossed in confidences. It took some insistence on the part of an intruder determined to buy sheet music before he could gain any attention. "Let's hear these on the spinet!" he demanded when at last he caught Mame's languid eye, to which she responded with hauteur: "Our pianeeest is at lunch yet." Here Myrtle intervened. "Give them here, I'll take a chance on it! Gee, I haven't touched a piano in ages!"

She sat down at the upright, her face glowing with animation. Her practised glance ran over the notes for a brief moment as a hungry dog eyes a bone. Then she was off. She fairly ate the bars as one who has starved for long. Her fingers tormented the keys with wild, improvised syncopations; her slight figure bounced and leapt with delight. She was fierce with the music, as a dog who snaps and growls in the excess of his pleasure. She would have wrecked a less sturdy piano stool, as wilder, and faster, and louder flowed the stream of sound from the shiny piano.

False notes, trodden down by those trooping behind, were flung aside with a flourish and drowned by the pedal, while Syncopation, like a banner, rode triumphantly above casual melody and commonplace chords. Myrtle was drunk with rhythm.

A crowd gathered around her. Sheet music sold like balloons at a circus. The owner of the music store, Julius Schwartz himself, a stout, solemn man who defied Brahms, came out from his office to inquire who the young lady was. . . . Two hours, three hours, with her hat tossed aside and her cheeks on fire, Myrtle revelled in rag-time, forgetting her lunch.

It was Saturday and the store closed at four. Myrtle and Mame had two sundaes apiece, (compliments of Mr. Schwartz) at the big corner drug store. Then since Mame "had a date", Myrtle went home on the street car.

At her corner Myrtle met Howard, cleaned up and wearing his blue suit. "Where in Hell have you been, Myrt! Say, the flat is a fright!" She looked at him uncomprehendingly a moment, then suddenly remembered—Howard had Saturday afternoons off in July!

"Oh, Howard!" she faltered, appalled at her conduct. She stood before him, pretty, appealing, and smartly dressed too, as he liked her to be. Moreover in her absence he had played pool and won seven-fifty. Added to that there was something mysterious, magnetic, in her manner, born of the afternoon's rag-time. He was puzzled and not unwillingly allured. He softened. (After all they had only been married six months.)

"Come on, Myrtle, let's go to the Gardens, dance and have supper and take in a show!"

At midnight they returned to the wild confusion of the flat. Howard, manlike, thought only of getting to bed. Myrtle made it up, (as far as was necessary for a bed so soon to be occupied) while he undressed. She dreamily wandered into the kitchenette and started washing the dishes, unmindful of a roach which took refuge elsewhere as she turned the water onto the dishes. Howard's snores accompanied her languid movements. He was really asleep this time.

When all her household duties were done, she followed him to bed and lay awake for a long time, smiling happily into the dark, and wondering why life seemed good again.



## Songs of the Unknown Lover

By Witter Bynner

(Copyright by William Marion Reedy, 1918.)

## SNOWS

WHICH is it now,  
You who lived once by the chill height?  
Is this whiteness of yours  
Snow of the winter  
Hard-shining in the sun,  
Or snows returning two months after snow,  
Snows of narcissus,  
Drifting over you—  
O coldest, sweetest body?



## THE NICHE

Your eyes are not eyes;  
They never laugh.

Your arms and ankles laugh,  
Your lips twinkle incessantly,  
Your cheek is bland with mirth,  
Your winged ear flashes backward;  
But your eyes never laugh.

You do your best to arrange differently;  
You heap your eyes round with playthings,  
You tell them rippling ribaldries,  
You dress them harlequin and clown  
And send them skipping;  
But they never laugh.

Many people, impelled by the bright altar of your  
face,  
Come into the temple,  
Now knowing that they never see your eyes at all,  
Nor you theirs,  
And they worship familiarly;  
While I, looking close, am afraid. . . .

For I see only a niche and candles,  
A circle of hard flames  
Around an unknown god.



## THE BELL

Beloved stranger,  
You who were a god  
With a temple,  
Where are you now  
Among these dragon-tiles,  
Among these broken walls?  
Are you too become dust?  
Or do you hear the solitary bell  
Beside the single arch still standing  
Of the gateway which once led to you?

Do you hear the wind  
Which moves me to these whispers,  
You who were a god?  
Do you hear the sand  
Drifting in your temple?  
Do you hear me, me, me—  
The solitary bell  
Beside the single arch still standing  
Of the gateway which once led to you?



## THE GOD

Burn my body,  
Disperse me in many beds,  
That at last none may follow  
Into my wide solitude  
But the strange god. . .  
The beloved.

## THE END

Crucify them on the brow of Buddha.  
They will forget their pain then. . .  
And Buddha be at peace.

## FINIS



## Ambushed

By John Amid

THE road swerved sharply to the right. Leaning ever so slightly in his saddle to accommodate himself to the change in direction, the knight sang under his breath the last lines of a favorite ballad—

*"Toom hame came the saddle,  
But never came he!"*

and gazed off to his left, where the wooded hills of the Moselle valley shone in elfin splendor under the rays of the setting sun.

Abruptly the tune stopped, as the great white charger, who had been scuffling sleepily along in the deep dust at a half-trot, checked sharply and came to a full stop with a final snort. Directly before them was a deep, though narrow, moat, partly filled with greenish water, on which there floated large pads of lily-like water-growths. Just above the height of a man's head hung the heavy end of a half-raised drawbridge, with behind it the gray walls and moss-covered battlements of a well-constructed castle, whose very existence the unknowing wayfarer might not suspect until rounding the turn, so cunningly was it concealed upon its slight eminence, behind the shoulder of a great hill.

Astounded, the knight's first impulse was to drop the visor of his helmet, which he had raised during the mild afternoon in this strange land. But he arrested his hand in mid-motion, since no foemen appeared to man the walls, and all seemed friendly, while he wondered what mischance had taken him from the main-travelled thoroughfare. Turning in his seat he glanced back, and saw the main road continuing along the pleasant valley. Evidently he had left it many paces behind, though where he had gone astray he could not tell.

"A goodly spot!" he muttered to himself, "and chosen with proper craft!" From where he sat one could see the whole upward sweep of the valley, nor might any pass that way without being observed. Even as he admired the sightliness of the location he noted a rustle in the brush beside the turn, and dropped his visor low, lest some black arrow, shot from ambush, should find its mark.

"We bide the night!" he decided, grimly, as he reined to one side, where a rudely-fashioned horn of large proportions swung from the worn branch of a tree. Then, to the horse beneath him: "In good truth, White One, we did both drowse, to stumble unaware on such mischance." But outwardly, save for the closed helmet, he gave no sign.

A lusty blast upon the horn brought activity inside the walls. A heavily built varlet, of more than middle age, appeared within the gate, and, by means of a curious mechanical device that he operated with a revolving handle, unwound the chains that lowered the drawbridge. Once this was in place, there followed a swift readjustment of the chains, and immediately, with more grinding, the heavy portcullis began to lift, its spikes, like horrid teeth, coming clear from the roadway where they had lain, biting the gravel. Only to the height of the horsemen's head was the ugly barrier raised, so that, entering, the knight had perforce to bend his helmet forward, knowing full well that with a single turn of the wrist the man beside the gate could pin him, with his charger, broken-backed to the ground, like any cat caught beneath a trident's barbed prongs. He thought of this while passing through the gate, for just outside, midway the arch, he had noted staring down at him the gro-

tesquely carved head of what, until he noted the knob-like tufts upon the ears, he had mistaken for a cat.

But within the castle, in spite of these forebodings, all seemed hospitable. Dismounting, he saw his charger led away, and suffered himself to be divested of his heavy armor, retaining only the close-fitting suit of finely wrought chain mail, so skilfully linked together, and of such light weight, that it could be worn without serious discomfort beneath his other accoutrements.

Followed a dinner worthy of a king, through which the stranger knight sat on his host's right hand, with the fair lady at his own right side, whose white skin and lustrous eyes held him captive from the first. Only when, the long banquet of baked meats and well-stuffed fish, fresh-caught from the stream below, of venison and rare salads, with dried fruits and nuts from foreign lands, and wine made from grapes grown on the slopes above the castle, which could be excelled nowhere in the known world—only when, the great meal finished, the guest learned at last his host's name, and understood the meaning of the tufted beast above the gate, did the marrow of his knees grow cold and watery, so that, for all his courage, he found himself right glad he sat instead of stood, that none watching might guess his state of mind.

Deeply did he regret the little leathern bag of gold pieces that hung about his neck beneath his mail, wondering whether, with them, he might leave this roof alive. For far and wide the house of Loup-cervier was known, and wherever the name of The Lynx had traveled, fear had spurred alongside.

"Right heartily have you eaten, and merrily have you drunk," said the host, narrowing his eyes to cat-like slits; "methinks a hundred golden pieces scarce would pay for such an evening as this."

The words were spoken full softly, but the look that accompanied them was significance itself, and well the visitor understood that he was to remain a guest until the ransom should be paid.

One desperate chance remained. He grasped it eagerly.

"Renowned is the sword of Loup-cervier," he volunteered, smiling for the favor of the lady at his right. "I, too, have won some little fame with Sorcerer here." He tapped his blade. "Wouldst fence me for the gold? An' you lose, my steed and I fare forth, unscathed, the morn; an' should ourselves go down, two hundred pieces, all of purest gold, is none too great a fee." But of the little leathern bag about his neck he said no word.

The lady clapped her hands. Slowly Loup-cervier nodded assent, the corners of his mouth drawing back in a smile that disclosed sharpened teeth.

At one end of the great hall a space was cleared away, and, sword in hand, the two faced each other—the stranger knight still clad from head to foot in his thin chain mail, Loup-cervier encased only in a tough leathern garment, of a whitish hue.

From the first loud clash of brands, the sojourner in a strange land felt himself mastered. Cut and thrust as he might, he could not break through the flashing guard of the famous Lynx; and even when the Loup-cervier purposely, as it seemed to him, allowed him an unhampered thrust, the strange leathern garment turned the blow like magic steel. Helpless, he felt himself bewitched; once, he could have sworn, he caught the plunderer full upon the shoulder bone, cleaving the arm entirely away, so that for an instant light shone between it and the body; but instantly the member clove again to its place, and the man became whole again, and thrust anew, snarling like the beast whose name he bore.

In vain the stranger attempted to parry the heavy blows. Guard as he might, the Lynx drove in, snarling, until out of a veritable whorl of thrusts and slashes, one came home.

Dully the lost knight dropped his point, gazing at the blood that oozed through the chain mail



below his heart. Weakly, feeling his strength waning, he backed away and dropped upon a bench beside the wall. Surely he was no match for this terrible Lynx, who held him helpless at every turn. He fumbled to feel the gold beneath his armor, thinking, half-fuddled in his stupor and loss of blood, to purchase back his strength. Beside him the lady of the great eyes dropped lightly upon the bench, probing at his wound to see if it was mortal. The pain her fingers caused was merciless, bringing him partially back to life. Suddenly he realized that in these desperate straits she was attempting to rouse him to action; glancing up he saw the Lynx beside him, ready to deliver the coup de grace. Stung to desperation by the pain in his side, steadied by the crisis and crying need for action, with a tremendous effort he pulled himself together, seeming to come literally from a swoon or some terrible dream, so that for a moment all became unreal.

The lady at his side changed subtly; her features grew familiar. Vaguely, while the terrible form of the Lynx changed more and more, he recognized in her his wife.

"Henry! Henry!" she was exclaiming, poking him again in the ribs to arouse him, while the settee beneath him changed to a cushioned seat, and the banquet hall to the tonneau of his touring-car, "wake up! George has had ten gallons of gasoline put in, and the man's waiting for his money!"

♦♦♦♦♦

## Presidentana

By Vincent Starrett

THE dilettante history is less a matter of battles and treaties and elections and reforms than it is a curious chronicle of mistakes, paradoxes, coincidences and other beguiling and unprofitable statistics. Washington's wine bill for a banquet at Mount Vernon bulks greater in the dilettante's peculiar philosophy than the farewell address, not only because such a document may some day become an item in his collection, whereas the farewell address in its original form is denied him forever, but also because (in that same philosophy) the wine bill is the more interesting document of the two. . . . The farewell address is in nearly every school history; the wine bill is unique and suggestive, a paper for furtive reading and delighted contemplation.

Similarly, the matter of documentary possession to one side, Washington is vastly more interesting historically because he swore at Monmouth, than is Buchanan of whom no such delightful anecdote is recorded. This is violent exaggeration, of course, but I am analyzing the dilettante, who is best portrayed by caricature. And inasmuch as I am caricaturing myself, among others, dilettantes will kindly refrain from writing in wrathfully to the editor.

A casual survey of the lives of our presidents reveals many intriguing coincidences and paradoxes calculated to charm the idler in historical byways. I have had pleasure in collecting some of them for the delight of my fellow loiterers and now have the happiness to present as futile a selection of useless information as ever was garnered.

Seven of the presidents of the United States married widows: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Fillmore, Benjamin Harrison, and Wilson. Mrs. Jackson, however, was only a grass widow, being the divorced wife of Captain Robards. Tyler, Cleveland and Wilson married while in office, the former and the latter taking their second wives. The first wives of Tyler, B. Harrison and Wilson died while their husbands held office. Tyler, Fillmore, B. Harrison, Roosevelt and Wilson married twice. Buchanan was the only bachelor president, although Cleveland married after taking office.

Cleveland's second daughter was the only president's child born in the White House. Monroe's daughter (Mrs. Gouverneur), Grant's daughter (Mrs.

Sartoris), Roosevelt's daughter (Mrs. Longworth), and Wilson's daughter (Mrs. Sayre), were the only children of presidents married therein. William Henry Harrison was the father of the largest family, six sons and four daughters.

Eight presidents were Virginians by birth: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, W. H. Harrison, Tyler, Taylor and Wilson. Six were Ohioans: Grant, Hayes, Garfield, B. Harrison, McKinley and Taft. Jackson called himself a South Carolinian, and one biographer, Kendall, records his birthplace as Lancaster county, S. C., but Parton has published documentary evidence to show that Old Hickory was born near Cureton's pond, Union county, N. C., at a spot less than a quarter of a mile from the South Carolina line.

Nineteen executives when elected were lawyers: John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, B. Harrison, McKinley, Taft. Monroe abandoned the profession of law when a young man and was afterward, and until his election, always holding public office.

Two only were professional soldiers—Taylor and Grant—but most of the others saw service at one time or another. Washington, Monroe and Jackson were soldiers in the Revolution; Jackson, W. H. Harrison, Tyler, Taylor and Buchanan in the war of 1812; Lincoln in the Black Hawk war; Taylor, Pierce and Grant in the Mexican war; Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, B. Harrison and McKinley in the Civil war, and Roosevelt in the war with Spain.

In early life Washington was a surveyor; John Adams, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and Wilson were teachers; Fillmore and Johnson were tailors, and Roosevelt was cowboy, politician and publicist. W. H. Harrison, reversing things a bit, began manhood as a soldier, and was a farmer when he was elected to office.

Three presidents only were clergymen's sons, possibly lending color to the claim that the offspring of ministers do not turn out well—if we consider the trio as exceptions to the rule. They were Arthur, Cleveland and Wilson. Johnson's father was a sexton and constable. The others' fathers were mostly planters, farmers, lawyers and merchants.

Two presidents were of Dutch ancestry—Van Buren and Roosevelt; one was Welsh—Jefferson; the rest were either of English, Scotch or Scotch-Irish ancestry. The sixth president was the son of the second president, and the twenty-third president was the grandson of the ninth. W. H. Harrison was the eighth and B. Harrison the tenth in descent from Pocahontas and John Rolfe.

Harvard university gave us three presidents: John Adams, John Quincy Adams and Roosevelt; Princeton gave us two: Madison and Wilson; Yale gave us one: Taft. Of the other universities, William and Mary contributed three: Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler; Hampden-Sydney, North Carolina, Bowdoin, Dickinson, West Point, Kenyon, Williams, Union and Miami, one apiece; while nine of the presidents were not college graduates at all!

Ecclesiastically speaking, eight Episcopalians and eight Presbyterians have guided our destinies, and the other denominations follow in order, thus: Methodists, three; Congregationalists, Unitarians and Reformed Dutch churchmen, two apiece; Liberals and Disciples, one each, the latter two being Jefferson and Garfield, respectively. Randall, the biographer of Jefferson, asserts that Thomas was not a doubter; that he was indeed a believer in Christianity, although not a sectarian. The only president omitted from the above is Johnson, who, it is said, was a Christian believer, also, although not a church member. His wife was a Methodist; perhaps this gives the Methodists four presidents, although the matter is debatable.

Lincoln was the first president to wear a full beard; Grant the first wearing a mustache. It is

probably true that Roosevelt was the first president to use a safety razor, although history is silent on this point and I am forced to derive my assumption from the date of patent.

John Quincy Adams was a representative and Andrew Johnson a senator in Congress after the expiration of their presidential terms, and both died while holding those offices. Tyler was a representative in the Confederate congress from Virginia and died in office. Thus is the danger of anti-climax illustrated. John Adams and Jefferson died on the same day, the Fourth of July, 1826, and Monroe died on the Fourth of July five years later. The fact that three presidents were assassinated while in office may not be classed as useless information and must be omitted from this sacrilegious chronicle. Similarly, we may not classify as trivial the fact that the lives of Jackson and Roosevelt were attempted.

Cleveland, after taking the oath as president, kissed the open bible, his lips touching psalm CXII, verses 5-10 inclusive. Garfield's first act after taking the oath was to kiss his mother.

Friday has been a factor in American presidential chronicles: Washington, Monroe, Pierce and Hayes were born on Friday; J. Q. Adams, Pierce and Garfield were inaugurated on Friday; Tyler, Polk and Pierce died on Friday. (Note the effect of Friday on Pierce!) Lincoln was assassinated on Friday.

William Henry Harrison was the oldest man elected to the presidency, taking office at the age of 68; Roosevelt was the youngest to sit in the chair, succeeding McKinley at the age of 42. Grant was elected at 46, Cleveland at 47, Pierce at 48, and Polk and Garfield at 49. The rest had reached or passed the half century mark when they took over the ship of state.

There were interesting coincidences in the lives of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. Both were born in Kentucky; Lincoln in 1809, Davis in 1808. Both removed from their native state in childhood, Lincoln to the northwest, Davis to the southwest. Lincoln was a captain of volunteers and Davis a second lieutenant of regulars in the Black Hawk war of 1832. They began their political careers the same year, 1844, Lincoln being a presidential elector for Clay, Davis for Polk. They were elected to Congress at about the same time, 1845 and 1846, and they were called to preside over their respective governments the same year and within a few days of one another; Davis on February 8, 1861, and Lincoln on March 4, 1861.

Grant was christened Hiram Ulysses; Cleveland, Stephen Grover; Wilson, Thomas Woodrow. It is said that Grant changed his name because his initials spelled "HUG." The Jameses have predominated with five members; John and William are tied for second place with three, and the Andrews number two. Technically, there are two Thomases, but to claim it we must give President Wilson his full name.

More nearly genuinely historical, but still curious enough for inclusion in our statistics is the fact that W. H. Harrison had served only one month when he died. The next shortest term was that of Taylor, who served one year, four months and five days.

The whole subject under discussion cannot adequately be treated outside of a book, and it is sincerely to be hoped that no one will ever attempt such a volume. Should anyone care to try, however, he is welcome to my notes and references, and I suggest for his consideration the matter of the favorite flowers, books, colors and characters in history of the various executives, together with their attitude toward tobacco and the wearing of straw hats in January.



## For Evening Dress

¶ The Holiday Season is here—and coming as it does in the wake of World's Peace it is bound to be the happiest and most joyous time many people will ever know. Delightful dinner and theatre parties and dances will call for new frocks, wraps and accessories. Vandervoort Shops are fully equipped to meet every one of your needs. ¶ Exquisite silks offer wonderful possibilities for lovely frocks. The extreme simplicity of the season's modes more than ever demand a superior richness of fabric. Embroidered crepe, brocaded charmeuse satin, crepe charmeuse, silk and wool poplin, and beautiful Metal Novelties are here in many designs and distinctive patterns.

¶ Beautiful wraps for evening in semi and flaring styles are shown in American Beauty, Purple, Green and Yellow soft, lustrous fabrics. Rich collars and cuffs of Fur are featured on many of the models. A splendid assortment of very reasonably priced coats assures each visitor of complete satisfaction.

¶ Evening and dinner gowns form a beautiful group in the Dress Shop—a group which calls forth many exclamations of delight from those who see it. A blue georgette model is made over a silver underslip. Appliqued roses on the bodice and skirt and silver panels place this charming frock in the "unusual" class.

¶ Black Tulle over black satin forms a most attractive dinner gown. Handsome trimmings of jet ornament some, while others show a border of lovely sequins in

colors. Afternoon gowns of chiffon—draped style—have loose flowing sleeves and attractive girdles.

¶ One charmingly distinctive frock is shown in two-tone satin with trimmings of self material loops on the overskirt. A pretty picot moire ribbon finishes the waist. This pretty frock is shown in a combination of soft pink and old blue.

¶ Slippers play a very prominent part in the Evening's Pleasure. The effect of the daintiest gown can be marred by unsightly slippers. Bronze and black beaded kid slippers are always good. Satin slippers—pumps of satin, patent and dull leather all show high heels and the long, stylish vamp. Handsome ornaments enhance the beauty of these slippers—and we offer them in a great variety of designs. The practical Carriage or Motor boots are shown of velvet, kid and satin. The Velvet boots are fur trimmed and are warmly lined with quilted satin. Sheepskin lines the kid model and quilted satin is used in the satin boot. Many of these boots have rubber soles—affording protection to feet in thin slippers in the most inclement weather.

¶ Pretty Hosiery are shown in many of the evening shades. Stockings that will fit correctly—and wear well—some in bootlace style—others embroidered, dropstitch and with clocks. The Paris Clocking and Pointex heel are new features. Gold, silver, white, pink, etc., are some of the colors being shown.

*Scruggs - Vandervoort - Barney*

*Olive and Locust from Ninth to Tenth*

### Letters From the People

#### To Settle the Irish Question

St. Louis, 11/24/18.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The Irish question should be settled while we are straightening out the world. It is up to Great Britain, of course—but American influence along a certain positive line might help. The principle of self determination will have great play during the coming years and has merit in it to warrant its exclusion to the limit. Scotch Presbyterian Irish are as different from Celtic Catholic Irish as the Armenians are from the Turks.

It is that difference or those differences that have caused all the late Irish trouble, ignoring the troubles of earlier times caused by British brutality or what not.

As these two races are separated geographically in large measure—suppose two principalities were created, North Ireland and South Ireland, having different governments, with no more and the same connections that Australia and Canada have with Great Britain.

Would that not settle all these troubles and antagonisms?

W. S. STUYVESANT.

#### The Eight-Hour Day and Wages

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 21, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I consider it most deplorable that immediately following the patriotic outburst of our people over the victorious close of the war that a man like Mr. William H. Barr, president of the National Founders' Association, assuming to speak for large employers, should have for his first utterance a declaration that the workers of America must be deprived of the eight-hour day; implying that the eight-hour day was something that was extended to labor as a war measure.

The fact is that the fine thought of this country, in both the ranks of workers, employers and the general public, is with the declaration which President Wilson made almost five years ago, to the effect that society had reached the point where it was insistent in its demand that no man should be compelled to work over eight hours a day in order to earn a living.

This was not, even at that comparatively early date, an arbitrary announcement, but simply a declaration of a palpable economic and physiological fact: that a man's best effort and fullest life



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can only be accomplished when he is not taxed beyond his physical strength by his daily task and when he has sufficient time for his mental development and recreational needs, all of which are a necessary basis for useful citizenship.

The so-called basic eight-hour day, which is criticized as being a mere scheme for raising wages, will disappear when the actual eight-hour day is installed, with a fair living wage for eight hours work. When men insist upon working more than eight hours a day it is because they cannot make enough to live upon in comfort during eight hours.

As to wages: it may be a startling fact to some, but nevertheless the research of our government shows conclusively that prior to the war the great majority of the common laborers of the country were earning far below enough to live upon. The deficiency was made up by public and private charities, so that the community as a whole carried the heaviest burden of the cost of in-

dustry. With the increased cost of living during the war, it was found that the lowest possible wage upon which a worker and his family could subsist in health and reasonable comfort was 73½ cents per hour; this, of course, based upon the actual eight-hour day.

The National War Labor Board fixed the minimum rate for common labor at 42½ cents per hour, a bare subsistence wage. If the industries of the country are to be on a self-sustaining basis after the war and common laborers are not to be forced to live in part upon charity, it is obvious that there can be no reduction of wages, at least in the field of common labor.

Likewise, as to the wages paid skilled mechanics, considering the preparation for the work and the value of the product turned out, as well as the colossal fortunes gained by others from their energy and skill, in my opinion no disinterested person who has made a careful study of the question can honestly say that wages of skilled craftsmen in



general are too high today, even for peace time.

The fact is that on account of economic repression of various kinds, workers prior to the war were not in a position to secure anything like the fair fruits of their efforts from employers. War necessity, shortage of labor supply, accelerated movement in trade union organization and a desire upon the part of the government, as well as many large employers, to deal justly with workers, all have operated to bring wages to the present general standard.

When the cost of necessities of life diminishes to a pre-war level (which I doubt will occur within less than five years), then the workers in the average industry will be receiving only a fair return for their work, if present wage standards are rigidly maintained. Otherwise not.

The reconstruction problems in industry are manifold and must be met in the highest spirit of fairness and accommodation. To throw the whole subject into the realm of bitter controversy at this time will make the task of allocating the industrial structure exceedingly difficult. None but the thoughtless have failed to observe the sweep of ultra-radicalism throughout the world; call it what you will. That it has roots in this country cannot be denied, and the situation must be faced by our common citizenship in a spirit of breadth and clear understanding.

If America can handle its industrial and economic problems with justice and fairness and in the period of reconstruction establish a constructive program which will lead us along a broad highway of consideration and justice for the producing masses, it will not only bring enduring contentment and happiness to our people, but make our country the exemplar of the rest of the world. I confidently believe that this great end can and will be attained.

If, however, these self-constituted spokesmen of industry (who I refuse to believe typify the enlightened employers of the country), in their fatuous disregard for things as they are, insist upon reaction as expressed in their threatened extension of the hours of labor, wage cutting, and like practices, the industrial workers of the country may take their threats seriously, make common cause with the farmers and agricultural laborers and, through peaceful political means, take charge of and operate the government solely in the interests of the producing masses, changing our present industrial and economic regime with a thoroughness and swiftness unparalleled in the history of nations.

FRANK P. WALSH.

♦♦♦

### Coming Shows

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by Mlle. Dazie, who has returned to vaudeville and will present, gorgeously staged, a "Classical and Popular Dance Revue," in which she will be assisted by Constantin Kobeleff and a ballet. Born in St. Louis as Daisy Peterkin, she studied abroad and soon after going on the stage achieved fame as "Le Domino Rouge;" she also has the distinction of being the first American prima bal-

lerina to appear in grand opera in New York. Other numbers on the programme will be Carl Jörn, tenor of the Metropolitan opera company in repertoire; Bert Baker in a sketch called "Prevarication"; Buster Santos and Jacques Hays in the "Health Hunters," a hospital comedy; the humorous side of army life will be portrayed by Coakley and Dunleavy in

"Over There;" Arthur Stuart and Hazel Keeley in a dancing act; the Seebachs in "Fun in a Gymnasium;" and Yellowstone national park scenes shown in the travelogue.

\*\*\*

"The Little Teacher," a Cohan and Harris production, is to be the attraction at the

American theatre next week. It is advertised as a delightful comedy of youth and romance, differing essentially from the ordinary underworld drama and risqué musical comedy farce. It is the story of a New York girl who finds her life work and romance as the teacher of a small school in the hills of Vermont. Besides Mary Ryan the cast includes Curtis



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Animal Scarfs of fox, lynx and wolf, priced **\$62.50.**

Fancy shaped Furs in Hudson seal and nutria, **\$24.75, \$34.75 to \$98.50.**

Hudson Seal Muffs, **\$15.00, \$17.50 and \$27.50.**

Natural Mink Muffs, round, barrel, pillow and canteen shapes—about 50 muffs in all—choice **\$25.00** each.

Natural Blue Fox Scarfs at **\$75.00, \$110.00 and \$135.00.**

Natural Cross Fox Scarfs at **\$55.00 and \$75.00.**

Silver Pointed Fox Set, **\$120.00.**

Fancy large Skunk Scarfs, **\$98.50.**

Skunk Muffs, **\$39.75, \$49.75 and \$69.50.**

Blended Mink large Throw Scarfs, **\$185.00.**

Beautiful fancy shaped Mink Cape Scarf, **\$125.00.**

Jap Sable Scarf, **\$210.00.**

Blended Hudson Bay Sable Set, **\$200.**

Handsome Hudson Bay Sable Set, **\$475.00.**

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Sunday night and for the remainder of the week the Shubert-Jefferson will have as its attraction Oliver Morosco's musical comedy "So Long Betty," in which he is again starring the inimitable Charlotte Greenwood. This star in this play was a great favorite in St. Louis last season. The plot is diverting, having to do with two married couples, the husband of each believing he would be happier with the wife of the other. The music is catchy and the chorus beautiful.

One of the most elaborate productions on any burlesque stage comes to the Gayety Theatre next week in the garb of "The Girls of the 'U. S. A.'" The cast is headed by Ina Hayward, known as the Venus of burlesque, last season with "Hello, America,"

who has a unique singing and dancing specialty and plays ten different musical instruments. She is assisted by Lew Hilton, Tony Hilton, Charles Fig and other local favorites. There are two acts and ten scenes in which are introduced twenty-two spectacular features.

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## Symphony

Toscha Seidel, the latest violinist sensation, is to be the soloist at the symphony concerts Friday afternoon and Saturday night of this week. He is only eighteen but already has attained a fame that causes him to be acclaimed by some critics as the peer of all other violinists except Ysaye and Kreisler. He is a Russian Jew and is a pupil of Leopold Auer—the instructor of Elman, Zymbalist and Heifetz. His playing is characterized by pas-

sion and emotion and his intellectual grasp of the meaning of the masterpieces he plays. His solo here will be Wieniawski's concerto No. 2. The other numbers on the programme are Beethoven's seventh symphony, and a first time work, Davison's "Tragic Overture."

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One of Raemakers' most recent cartoons portrays a German peasant holding a government loan certificate in his hand and saying to himself: "I got a receipt for 100 marks. I gave this for a second 100 marks, and I received a second receipt. For the third loan I gave the second receipt. Have I invested 300 marks, and has the government got 300 marks, or has both of us got nothing?"

## A Feast in Furs

When the government commandeered the wool supply for the army, the philosopher said we would find a silver lining to the chilly cloud. We would go back to primitive conditions, before wool was carded and spun to provide covering against the cold. We would clothe our bodies in the skins of beasts. He had seen pictures of the cave man and his spouse, and he liked the economical idea.

Then the philosopher's wife came home from a morning's shopping, with the assurance that he was not only a philosopher but a prophet. She was wearing a cape coat of muskrat, with a wonderful shawl collar of kolinsky. It was hers. There was nothing to it but the trifling consideration of a few hundred dollars, which would be on next month's bill. No, she had not intended to get a fur coat. She had just wandered into the fur display room of the leading fur department in the west. She was waiting for a friend with whom she was going to have luncheon in the great restaurant up stairs, and to pass the time of waiting she had looked around a bit.

She knew, what her husband probably did not know, that when a woman enters the fur display room of the Stix, Baer and Fuller store she is likely to be tempted as Eve was tempted when the apple quivered before her enchanted eyes. She looked at cape coats and coatees, stoles and scarfs. She reveled in linings of rich brocade and other linings of chiffon over delicate satin. She examined the trimmings of tails and paws, banding of striped fur and ornament of contrasting colors, and she knew without the telling that Paris had nothing better to offer. For a little while she thought she would content herself with one of the cheaper coats. There were beauties among them, soft and becoming; but while she was hesitating, she happened to inspect a mole-skin coat that cost three thousand dollars. It had just been purchased and was being packed for delivery. Mole-skin was not a bit becoming to her, and the kolinsky collar was the most stunning thing! No husband in the world could refuse to let her keep it, once he saw how charming she was, with the dear, warm thing about her neck.

The husband, being a philosopher with an eye for feminine charm, paid the bill. But the matter did not end there. He began to wonder about furs, why some of them cost a few dollars whereas others cost a few thousand dollars. He had an old coat, that had grown shabby from much wear. Perhaps it could be done over, so that he would look respectable in it. He knew, by long observation, that a hot summer is followed by an intensely cold winter, and he thought the coat would be in demand before long.

There must be a place in St. Louis where furs could be mended. "To be sure," his wife told him. "The best place is up on the top floor of the Stix, Baer and Fuller store, just a little way from the cold storage rooms where I keep my mink muff and stole during the summer. I had them made up from the



material of the comical old fur dolman your mother gave me, years ago. If I had that dolman still, it would need only a little alteration to make it this year's style."

The philosopher had a friend in the firm. Perhaps it would be possible for him to satisfy the craving of an avid mind for information. He would like to see what would happen to his old coat, if he should have it made over into a brand new one. At this season of the year, when the remodeling department is worked to the verge of distraction, the granting of the request was a favor indeed. The philosopher appreciated it. He was like a boy in a machine shop as he went with one of the foremen to the room where an expert workman was rubbing fine white sand and chemically treated sawdust into an old sealskin coat, a coat so filthy that you could not touch your fingers to it without getting them soiled.

Next he saw that skin whipped by the leather throngs of a rapidly revolving rattail beater, until all the dirt was loosened and the matted hairs were loose and fluffy. He inspected the huge cylinders of the drum-cleaner, in which the furs are whirled for three hours until all the sand, sawdust and dirt are thrown out by centrifugal force. After that he saw how the worn places were cut out and new fur put in, and stitched on the cleverest power machine he had ever examined. He saw how the cleaned and repaired fur was soaked and nailed to a wooden table on which the pattern of the finished garment had been outlined in blue chalk. He had not known that fur would not retain its shape without this drastic treatment. All the other steps in the process of remodeling were shown, and when he went home he felt as if he had visited a hospital where high-class surgery was practiced.

There are some men who keep their interesting discoveries to themselves. This man, being a humanitarian as well as a philosopher, gave himself no rest until he had shared his find with all his friends. He wrote letters until he had writer's cramp. Then he dictated letters to his secretary, so that no one would be overlooked. The theme of the letters was this: If the way to a man's heart lies through his stomach, the way to a woman's heart is—a new cape coat or coatee for Christmas.

He told of the lovely things he had seen, the handsome muff and neck piece of fisher, golden gray shaded to black, that almost rivaled the sable and silver fox for beauty; he dwelt on this year's innovation of having the individual skins sewed together, in the larger garments, in such manner that the joining was visible, whereas formerly a hundred pieces were made to look like one continuous skin. The idea was novel and the effect decorative. He finished each letter with the solemn adjuration: "If you want your wife to love you, go to the fur department of Stix, Baer & Fuller's, and do your Christmas shopping early!"

Howell—Edison says that we sleep too much. Powell—Well, it isn't his fault; he has invented enough things to keep up awake.—*Life*.

## Insurance and Service

One often sees the assertion made by various concerns that it is the fastest growing of its kind in the country. The International Life Insurance company of St. Louis makes such an assertion, and submits figures in proof. In the nine years of its existence it has amassed assets of over ten million dollars and has written business in excess of seventy-six million dollars, an achievement for which other companies have required from eleven to fifty-two years, the one exception being the Equitable Life of New York, which runs the International a close second. Present indications are that the International assets will exceed eleven millions at the close of the current calendar year. One reason for this rapid growth is to be found in the personality of the officers from President Massey Wilson and Vice-President J. L. Babler on down, who never overlook an opportunity to introduce innovations of advantage to the company. Another is the indefatigable enterprise and enthusiasm of the entire staff. When the government authorities ruled that life insurance soliciting was an essential industry, the International began classifying its agents with a view to eliminating such as did not devote full time to its work. It also co-operated with the government by inaugurating an educational campaign among foreign born residents of this country, teaching them the economic value of Liberty bonds, thrift stamps and life insurance. The company employed agents who could speak the language of these various peoples and the result has been many policies placed with men who had never known anything about insurance opportunities; others who had been investors in the industrial branch and making weekly payments were sold insurance on the annual premium plan and their weekly payments diverted to Liberty bonds or used for thrift stamps. So closely are all angles of the business watched that a statement comparative of the actual with the "expected" mortality of the International for the five years ending December 31, 1917, shows an average of 53.2%, as compared to 64.5% average for all other companies, indicating an intelligent selection of "risks." Notwithstanding the Spanish influenza epidemic the company expects to maintain this percentage for 1918. Considering all of which it is not remarkable that the insurance officials of three states—Alfred H. Harty, superintendent of the insurance department of Missouri; R. G. Poland, state auditor and commissioner of insurance of Montana, and C. W. Fairchild, commissioner of insurance of Colorado—should have united recently in a signed statement in praise of the International Life management.

♦♦♦

"If it ain't enough to drive a poor woman barmy, I dunno wot is!" exclaimed Mrs. Mixup to a sympathizing group of friends and neighbors. "Ere's me just on me feet again after triplets—triplets, mark yer!—and they've got me ole man down at the training camp, and they're a-learnin' 'im 'ow to form fours!"—*Fair Play*.

## Stationery

THERE is much satisfaction in selecting your Stationery at "Jaccard's" because you are assured of the highest quality papers, correct sizes, a great variety of delicate tints and ribbed effects, and, above all, the finest quality of Engraving, correctly done.

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MEDDING Invitations and Announcements in distinctive designs and correct in every detail are a specialty of this department. The Jaccard imprint adds an unmistakable air of superiority and class to your stationery.

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INVITATIONS and Announcements for Military Weddings are given special attention—a special rush service being provided whereby delivery may be had in from three to four days' time.

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PERSONAL Greeting Cards for the Holidays are now on display and we advise an early selection, especially if you intend sending Greetings "Over There." Make your selections NOW and receive your order on time.

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CALLING Cards are now priced at \$1.25 for one hundred, printed from your own plate. Prices of Plate Engraving upon request.

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BUSINESS Stationery done by us is correct in form and will give you added prestige. Let us submit original designs and estimates.

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FOUNTAIN Pens, including the celebrated Waterman and Schaefer makes, are shown in a splendid selection of sizes and styles. And Silver and Gold Pencils that make dainty gifts are also shown.

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LET US SUBMIT SAMPLES,  
SKETCHES and ESTIMATES

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Jewelers and Stationers  
Ninth and Locust

## Colda

### AN EXCELLENT ALL YEAR REFRESHMENT

Hard-work fatigue quickly disappears with a bottle of chilled, delicious Colda. This foaming non-alcoholic beverage with the hops flavor will invigorate you—restore your "pep" and add a reserve of strength for the day's petty irritations. Any cafe or drug store has a cold bottle waiting—or any dealer will send a case to your home.

HYDE PARK PLANT,  
18th and Cass Avenue, St. Louis



## Where do you hide it?

That savings account book or that certificate of deposit—or your Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. Where do you keep those papers that you don't want anybody else to see—those valuables, **WHATEVER** they are that you are afraid to carry around with you for fear of loss and that you're worrying about constantly wherever they are hidden?

Unless you have a Mercantile Safe Deposit Box, you have **SOMETHING** hidden somewhere that you have to take out of its hiding place every once in a while just to make sure it is still safe.

What would you feel like, if some day you looked for it and it wasn't there—or if while you were at work or out of the house there should be a fire where you live?

Either of these things is liable to happen to **YOU** any time.

There is no security for anything that thieves can steal or that fire can burn except in a safe deposit box.

If you want perfect safety for your valuables and an easy mind about them, no matter what may happen to you or your house,

**Rent a Mercantile Safe Deposit Box to hide them in and never again worry about the safety of your valuables—\$5 a year.**

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U.S. Government  
Protection  
—TO ST. CHARLES

This Company has only one inflexible rule—"Individual Service and Courteous Attention." All of our other regulations are for the protection and convenience of customers. We want to understand each customer's individual needs—and apply or create a businesslike way to take care of them.

**Mississippi Valley Trust Co.**  
Capital, Surplus and Profits Over \$8,000,000  
**FOURTH and PINE ST. LOUIS**

#### Many Such

An extremely wealthy man has occasion frequently to make use of taxis, and he always gives the chauffeurs the legal fare and no more. Once, when he banded the man the fare, the latter looked it over and said: "Excuse me, sir, but your son always gives me twice as much as this." "I don't doubt it," growled the old man; "he has a rich father."

#### Intestine War

Johnny was feeling peevish, and it was most unusual for him to be out of sorts. Mother was anxious to know what the matter was. "I—I feel awful inside!" groaned Johnny. "What do you think it is?" asked mother. "Oh," wailed Johnny, "I had French beans and German sausages at auntie's yesterday, and now they seem to be fighting along my whole front."

## Marts and Money

These are dreary days on the New York stock exchange. The depressionistic crews are in full control. They compel heavy liquidation and wreck values day after day, even in quarters where professional optimists could see no serious dangers three or four weeks ago. In some of its aspects, the situation reminds one of the "silent panic" during the spring and early summer of 1907. We behold the same steady sag, the same want of authoritative support, the same lack of rallying power, the same hopeless bewilderment among owners, both of speculative and investment stocks. Traders are asking for explanations: What's the matter with the market? What's the real trouble? Brokers and oracles are evasive in their answers, if not altogether mute. They shrug their shoulders, or hint at the tightness of money, or at the resignation of William Gibbs McAdoo, or at cancellation of war contracts, or at the defiant attitude of organized labor, or at taxation programmes, or at such other unpleasant things as dispatches dwell upon every morning and every evening. There's nothing definite, however. In short, Wall street feels the cumulative weight of disagreeable uncertainties. It suspects that prominent interests have been selling stealthily and consistently for several months, especially during the days of exaltation, when Mexican Petroleum and Texas Oil recorded gains of sixty to ninety points. What was going on behind the arras at that time? If the full tale could be told it would furnish mighty interestin' reading. It would throw illuminative flashes over the whole situation. McAdoo's resignation is undoubtedly a capital fact. That much can easily be surmised from his letter and the presidential answer. Had the event been anticipated? I think so. Financiers have their own reliable sources of information. Yet, it remains to be seen whether the scope of its connotations is truly as wide as Wall street would have us believe. The ticker has brought information that Bernard Baruch, also, intends to step out, that he longs for his former haunts in the purlieu of the stock exchange. Smelling the battle afar off, eh? *On revient toujours à sa première amour*, no matter where one's affections may be centered. Bernard has an impressive Wall street record. He's past master of adroit, enticing manipulation. Returning to the main subject I wish to say that one should beware of falling into too somber a mood on account of daily tattle of voluminous selling. The totals of buying are always equal to the totals of selling. Who's doing the purchasing nowadays? A most pertinent, timely question, even though it cannot be doubted that much of the demand represents cancellation of short commitments. Absorption will grow apace as quotations continue to recede. Then will come the climacteric hours, when the reconstructive powers regain the upper hand. Whether they will be ushered in gently or violently is the only doubtful question. As a rule there's great commotion, a spectacular final break and a brisk rebound. The market still has

numerous sensitive spots, where the potentialities of liquidation cannot safely be ignored by prudent speculators. The process of rectification is not yet finished. Time money, it is said, is now a trifle more plentiful. It should be, after weeks of deflation on the exchanges. There's no prospect of real ease, though. It happens, once in a while, that dominant financiers become benevolent because they have to protect their own interests. Provisionally, it should be borne in mind that a spell of severe depression is usually followed by a more or less lengthy season of dullness and narrow fluctuations. Quotations for bonds, too, are on the downgrade. Many indicate losses of four or five points. This should occasion no surprise. Considerable selling is for parties who wish to raise funds in order to safeguard holdings of stocks. There's selling also by people who had bought merely for a speculative turn of five to ten points. The average value of representative bond issues still is materially above the low marks of the early months of the year. Liberty bonds have declined but slightly thus far, but a further setback would appear probable. Quotations for foreign paper show no changes of real consequence. The upward movement has come to an end. Reactionary symptoms are now perceptible also in London and Paris, though the recent improvement there had been rather mild, compared with that in New York. The latest statement of the Bank of England disclosed a reserve ratio of 16¼ per cent. This is close to the absolute minimum established in the first week of August, 1914. According to a cable from London, Berlin had a grave bourse panic the other day. It may have another in the next two or three weeks. The spread of soviet propaganda in Germany is not conducive to bull campaigns on the bourse. It may lead to confiscation of banks, landed estates and industrial properties on a big scale. Washington reports cancellation of war contracts valued at more than \$800,000,000. This explains Wall street's earnest desire to get out of leading industries as fast as circumstances permit. American Beet Sugar common, which sold at 108½ two years ago, is now rated at 49. This implies a decline of about thirty points from the top mark of a few months ago. American Sugar Refining common, on the other hand, still displays a remarkable degree of stability. The ruling price of 109¼ is only seven points under the high record of last May. Yet, in December, 1917, the stock went down to 89¼. It is in times like these that intrinsic merits are apt to be displayed in striking fashion. Wall street experienced a shock, some days ago, when the news came that the Maxwell Motor Co. had suspended payments on its first preferred shares, now quoted at 51½. Since April last, holders had received scrip, instead of cash, at the rate of 1¾ per cent every three months. In 1915, the quotation was up to 103¾. The stock exchange has taken careful note also of the passing of payments by two prominent oil companies. One of them, the Galena, is a former Standard Oil subsidiary. The National



Association of Owners of Railroad Securities has gone into action. It has appointed a strong advisory council, with a view to conducting a vigorous fight for de-nationalization of properties. Wall street celebrated the news by intensifying its onslaughts on railroad quotations. The lifting of the ban on issues of new securities incited no comment. It forms an encouraging item of not more than \$100,000 though, and its helpful influences will be widely and variously felt. The course of financial decentralization should be hastened as much as possible.

#### Finance in St. Louis

It's pretty quiet on the Fourth street exchange. Manifestations of recovery have again been checked by the troubles in the big market down East. Prices are fairly firm, however, in most cases. National Candy common is quoted at 54 to 55. Demand has fallen off considerably in the last few days. Thirty-five shares of the second preferred were sold at 95. Certain-teed common is selling at or about 40. More than one hundred shares were transferred. Fifteen of the first preferred brought 88. Fifty shares of Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred were sold at 75, and \$1,000 Independent Breweries 6s-at 40. These bonds were obtainable at 35 some time ago. Twenty shares of Brown Shoe common brought 68, and ten Hydraulic Press Brick common, 2.50. United Railways 4s show a little betterment. Sales were made at 50.25 lately. Of St. Louis & Suburban general 5s, \$1,000 were sold at 53. In the banking department, brokers effected a sale of ten shares of Mississippi Valley Trust at 260.

#### Tuesday's Closing Quotations.

Description.	Bid.	Asked.
Nat'l Bank of Commerce.....	\$116.00	\$120.00
Third National Bank.....	235.00	.....
Mercantile Trust.....	330.00	.....
United Railways preferred..	12.50	13.50
United Railways common..	2.50	3.50
Brown Shoe Common.....	68.50	69.50
Certain-teed Prod. 1st pref..	86.00	88.00
Certain-teed Prod. 2d pref..	75.00	80.00
Certain-teed Prod. common..	37.00	40.00
Hydraulic-Press Brick pref..	13.00	.....
Hydraulic-Press Brick com.	3.50	4.00
International Shoe pref.....	106.00	.....
Missouri Portland Cement..	75.00	75.50
National Candy common.....	53.00	.....
Kan. C. Long Dis. Tel. 58s..	84.50	.....
Kinloch Telephone 68s.....	98.00	99.00
L. R. & H. Spgs. W. Ry. 4s	67.50	70.00
United Railways 4s.....	51.25	51.50

#### Answers to Inquiries

INVESTOR, St. Louis.—Norfolk & Western common is one of the best stocks of its class. The possibility of a serious relapse is quite remote. Present quotation of 106 is not too high, though the low point in 1917 was 92½. Two years ago, stock was rated at 147½,—absolute maximum. Floating supply is small, owing to steady buying for investors since 1915. For this reason, recurrent bear attacks are few, feeble and futile, and will continue so unless holders are thrown into such a state of consternation as would appear utterly improbable at this time. Another purchase would be well justified if price were to fall to 98.

R. E. G., Peoria, Ill.—Republic Iron & Steel common has depreciated about seventeen points in the last two or three months. Selling was mostly of a sympathetic character. It did not lead to much talk about a possible cut in the

\$6 dividend. The current price of 76 indicates a net return of almost 8 per cent. It would seem, therefore, that the discounting of a reduction has made considerable headway. However, the \$6 still is fully earned, with a very substantial margin of safety. The stock is not an investment, but merely a speculation. Nothing was paid on it between date of incorporation in 1899 and February, 1917.

IN DOUBT, St. Louis.—Russian government 5½s are quoted at 70. Since it is impossible to believe that the prevailing chaos in Russia can last much longer, a further material recovery is likely to be witnessed in due time. The top price was around 92, the bottom, about 28. For obvious reasons the bonds are largely speculative. If you wish to buy for investment you should select something of a different and higher character. There's a plenitude of good things in American markets at present.

QUESTION, San Antonio, Tex.—(1) Northern Pacific general 3s are quoted at 62½. This compares with a low notch of 57 in 1917. Some fourteen years ago they were as high as 80. They are a good investment, but not likely to record additional marked improvement. If you have speculative proclivities, you should buy some 4 per cent bonds, quoted between 60 and 75. (2) Midvale Steel should be picked up in the event of a break below 40. A cut in the \$6 per annum is evidently being anticipated.

F. D. W., Idaho Falls, Idaho.—The 7 per cent on Federal Mining & Smelting preferred cannot be considered safe. Present price of 41 implies distrust among holders of stock. A recovery to 55 is improbable in the near future. Stock is not a popular speculation, and never has been. About fifteen years ago, price was hoisted to 112½; has been down to 20 since. Company is controlled by Guggenheim (American Smelting & R. Co.) interests.

SUBSCRIBER, Syracuse, N. Y.—You will save yourself a lot of worry as well as a lot of money by keeping out of cheap oil stocks. Many or most of these fine-looking certificates represent virtually nothing, except doubtful leaseholds and unlimited hopes on the part of conscienceless promoters. There has been any number of companies, in recent years, who produced nothing but stock certificates and have since died more or less peacefully. Put your funds in good securities, yielding 5½ to 6½ per cent, and readily negotiable.

MEDICUS, Ft. Scott, Kans.—The \$5 dividend on American Locomotive common is not in immediate peril of reduction. There's uneasiness about it, however, as can readily be inferred from the quoted price of 60. By being patient, you may be able to purchase at 45. Last December sales were made at 46½. About eight years ago, price was down to 19. Unless your purpose is fixed, you should choose something of an approved character, which has paid dividends for at least ten years.

Sobycki Kournos, the Polish pianist, related at a dinner in Denver Poland's unhappy story. "In this new Austro-

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2:15—TWICE DAILY—8:15

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Rose & Moon; Exclusive Pictures  
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**GRAND OPERA HOUSE 15-25c**

Biggest and Best Vaudeville for the Price  
STARTING MONDAY AT 11 A. M. AND ALL WEEK.  
"Miss 1920" with Olive Galloway, Benny and Western and Dorothy Meltonie will be the headliner. Others are Leo Lawrence and Vera Devarney, in "Too Much Excitement," Jess and Dill, "The Human Puppets," John Geiger, and his talking violin; Marr and Evans; Keefer and Alberts; Edward Hill; Kingsbury and Munson; Kaufman and Lillian, and the official War Review.  
World's Latest News and Comedy Pictures. Show Never Stops—11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Every Day.

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**HARRY VAN FOSSEN**

The Famous Minstrel  
Kingsbury & Munson, Three Theatres, Claire Hanson and The Village Four, Whittier's Barefoot Boy.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION  
**TOM MOORE** in "JUST FOR  
TO-NIGHT"  
Official War Review, Screen Comedies

**STANDARD REAL BURLESQUE  
MATINEE DAILY  
THE AVIATOR GIRLS**

Next—MIDNIGHT MAIDENS.

The Problem Solved—  
"Where to Go To-night"  
**"CICARDI'S"**

HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINMENT  
EVERY NIGHT  
Under Cover and Open Air  
WINTER GARDEN  
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**Evens & Howard**  
FIRE BRICK COMPANY

Manufacturers of  
**High-Grade Fire Brick and Sewer Pipe**  
Yards for City Delivery:  
920 Market St. Saint Louis

German wrangle about the partition of Poland," asked a mine-owner, "which side will Poland take?" Professor Kournos laughed bitterly. "Did you ever see two dogs fighting over a bone?" he asked. "Well, did you ever see the bone do any of the fighting?"

◆◆◆

Wally—You say her husband is stone-deaf? Sally—Yes; she wants more diamonds and he won't hear of it.—Town Topics.

"I say," said the office boy to the cashier, "I think the gov'nor ought to give me a dollar extra this week, but I suppose he won't." "What for?" asked the cashier. "For overtime. I wuz dreamin' about my work last night."—Boston Transcript.

◆◆◆

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
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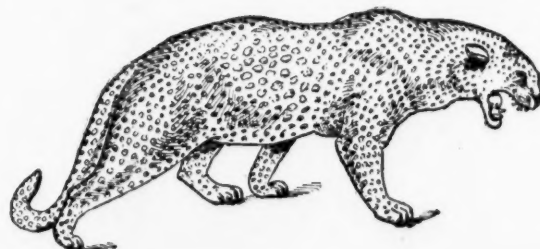
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Styles refreshingly original in conception, coupled with workmanship  
and materials of the highest quality, have imparted to our models a  
delightful tone of worth and dignity that adds a singular charm and  
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